Sot's Paradiſe:

OR,

The HUMOURS of a

Derby-Ale-Houſe:

WITH

A SATYR

UPON THE

ALE.

The Third Edition.

LONDON, Printed and Sold by *J. How*, in the *Ram-Head-Inn-Yard*, in *Fanchurch-Street*, 1700.

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THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

READER, *What e'er the* Author *truly meant,*
I know not; but he told me his Intent
Was not to Lampoon, or Reflect on any;
But thro' Neceſſity he Writ, like many,
In Pinch-Gut Times, *to get the* Ready Penny.

Suppoſe (ſaid I) *you've Anger'd ſome Bravado,*
I hate the ſtanding of a Baſtinado:

Poh, poh, *ſaid he*, ſuch Dangers never heed,
I'd ſuch a Coxcomb Ridicule indeed;
Each ſentence ſhould have *Gaul* and *Venom* in't,
Which you, to recompence your Drubs, ſhall Print:

Mortals

Mortals have oft, to their deſtruction, found,
Poets, like *Gods*, can at a diſtance Wound.

I thank you, Sir, (ſaid I) *ſuch Verſe, I doubt,*
S'But a poor Plaiſter for a batter'd Snout.

He preſt the Cap forward, I ſeem'd ſhie,
Till by theſe words he brought me to comply:

The Characters are random writ, God knows,
Slightly diſpatch'd; deſign'd, like *Saleſmens* Cloaths,
For no one in particular, but where
They beſt by chance ſhall fit, for them to wear.

Nay then, ſaid I, *if any Sot can find*
His Picture here, and not as his deſign'd,
And Angry be; I'll hire the Author then,
To whet his Wits, and Write as Keen again.
Since I can juſtly ſay (to ſave my Bacon)
I no Offence intend, I pray let none be taken.

SOTS

Mortals

Sot's Paradise:

OR,

The HUMOURS of a

Derby-Ale-House,

WHEN anxious Thoughts my troubled Brains possest,
And the wild Hag rid stradling o'er my Breast,
Loaded with Sorrow, I pursu'd my rest.

My Pockets far too empty were for *Wine*,
That *Noble Juice!* That *Cordial* of the *Vine!*
By *Humane Race* so justly held *Divine*.

To ease my Cares I stumbl'd into R——s,
Sots Paradise, so Fam'd of latter days;
For *Derby-Ale*, it bears away the *Bays*.

Thro' Entry dark, Ith' *Tippling Mansion* sought,
Whose close Dimensions rais'd a Jealous thought
I'd been Trappan'd, and in a *Mouse-Trap* caught.

Like *Weesel*, thro' a Cranny thus I crept;
And as he *Screams*, so I a *Murm'ring* kept;
Now Paus'd and Swore, then Grop'd, and forward stept.
Through stumbling Craggy Ways me Doors I steal
To Heaven, whence I concluded, without fail,
This narrow Path must lead to Heavenly Ale.
But in this *Pot-gun* Passage did I meet
A burly *Sot*, who forc'd me to Retreat;
And shot me, like a Pellat, to the Street.

I gain'd the Barr by several Essays,
Where Mourning Widdow sat with doleful Face;
And on each Hand a Room, but ne'er a Place.

I turn'd to th' Left, and did amongst them squeeze,
There heard some *Belch*, some *Fart*, and others Sneeze,
Buzzing and Humming like a Hive of Bees.

This Room I did for ease and cheapness chuse,
The *Chappel* call'd, from having *Seats* like *Pews*,
Where grizled *Sots* sit nodding o'er the *News*.

With painful jostling I a place possest,
Sat down, then *Belch'd* and *Farted* like the rest,
Thump'd with my Fist, and Cry'd I broke a Jest.

In comes a Female Tapſtreſs, Pale and Wan,
Sod'n with the Fumes of what ſhe'd Drank and Drawn,
Looks worſe than the green Girl who wants a Man.

Sir, Do you pleaſe, I pray, to have your Ale
Drawn New, or with a little Daſh of Stale?
I gave her Anſwer, and ſhe ſoon turn'd Tail.

One ſage old Bard next Chimney-Nook was got;
Fix'd as a Statue, motionleſs he ſat;
His Eyes regarding neither Who, nor What.

This ſpeechleſs Image moſt I did admire;
No *Derby* could this Mortal Lump inſpire,
Who like old Puſs, ſat Purring o'er the Fire.

One Whim he had was often put in play,
By Name ſalute this Monumental Clay,
He Huffs and Puffs, ſtarts up and runs away.

Then in thruſts one, ſtrives hard to get a Place,
Witty in Words, and Satyr in his Face,
Thus boldly ſpeaks in *Derby-Ale's* diſgrace.

Pox on't, ſaid he, *I Yeſterday ſtept in*
And Drank Nine Tankards to divert my Spleen,
It fail'd, and now I'm come to drink Nineteen.

At Squire's, *I heard a* Beaux *ſo Damn and Sink it,*
Four Tankards numb'd his Wits, you won'd not think it;
He ſwore we all are Clod-skul'd Sots who drink it.

This much diſgrunti'd all the ſwilling Herd,
Who grin'd, and at him Envioully ſtar'd;
In anſwer, not a Mortal wagg'd his Beard.

One Gapes, a Second Nods, a Third he Winks,
A Fourth he Smoaks, a Fifth blows Pipe and Drinks,
Not One in Ten that either *Talks* or *Thinks*,

Thus ſeldom *Speak*, unleſs 'tis to complain
Of Phthiſick, Stone, the Gout, or ſome old Pain,
That grieves them ſorely, when the Moon's i'th' *Wane.*

Here worn-out *Sinners* at their Ails repine,
(The Herd thus ſympathetically joyn)
All Grunting o'er their *Hogwaſh-Ale* like *Swine.*

Up riſes now and then a brawny *Sot*,
Before the Fire he turns his Arſe about,
Hauks up his Phlegm, then Spitting ſtaggers out.

With me this Smoaky Clime did not agree,
Theſe *Sots* too Grave were, that's too Dull, for me;
No Talk is worſe than much Loquacity.

Willing

Willing to take a General *Survey*,
T' obſerve the *Difference* in *Mortal Clay*,
I ſtole from thence, to the next Room made way.

This call'd the *Bear-Garden*, where at a Table
I heard, amongſt a wild Promiſcous *Rabble*,
More *Tongues confus'd* then e'er were known at *Babel*.

A *Beau* repeating to his Friend a *Novel*,
Two *Lawyers* in *Diſpute* began to *Cavel*,
A Fifth, with Chalk, was ſcoring out an *Oval*.

And, being as cunning as a *Hocus Pocus*,
Had laid a Wager with a *John* a *Nokus*,
He'd with a *Thred* and *Pins* find out the *Focus*.

A *Scholar*, next, of *Batchelor's* Degree,
Standing four Years at *Univerſitie*,
Roſe up and flung a *Witticiſm* at me.

I lik'd the *Sport*, and did retort the ſame;
I *hit* him *Home* according to my *Aim*;
But could not get his *Hair Brain'd-fury* tame.

So *Learn'd* he ſeem'd, ſo *Witty* in *Diſcourſe*,
He'd hold me all the *Money* in his Purſe,
Tho' I ſeem'd *Man*, he'd prove me but a *Horſe*.

I gravely ſaid it did his Skill ſurpaſs,
And in return, I inſtanc'd him a Caſe,
Wherein a *Scholar* prov'd himſelf an *Aſs*.

He ſmelt a *Rat* and found he was miſtaken,
Shut up his *Brains*, true knowledge had forſaken,
And dwindl'd into *News* to ſave his *Bacon*,

A *little Captain*, tho' of *great Renown*,
Cock'd up his Hat, ſwore *Zoons*, and then ſat down,
Out chatter'd all the *Magpies* in the Town.

He talk'd of *Heroes*, *Hectors*, and *Bravadoes*,
Of *Gaſhes*, *Slaſhes*, *Cuts*, and *Carbonadoes*.
Of *Cannons*, *Mortars*, *Bombs*, and *Hand Granadoes*.

The *Valiant Pigmy*, eager to declare
His *Broils* in *Taverns*, not *Exploits* in *War*,
Teas'd me with *Nonſence* more than I could bare.

The *Dialect* he retain'd he learn'd at Nurſe;
And that his *Words* might be of greater Force,
He tagg'd each *Sentence* with an Oath or Curſe.

A *Dapper-Blade* was Squeez'd among the reſt,
Who would have made each *Word* he ſpoke a *Jeſt*,
Aim'd at *much Wit*, but *little* he poſſeſt.

Like

Like *Ill Rung Bells* he did *Confus'dly* Nock
His *Ill-Tun'd Words* to hammer out a *Joak*,
Whose Tongue out-run the *'Larum* of a *Clock*.

This *Mortal* prov'd a *Midnight Magistrate*,
Who ask'd us, *Why so drunk, and why so late?*
Little in *Person*, tho' in *Office* Great.

He Huckles much, tho' what by that he means,
Let *Oldish*, *Shirley*, or such Learned Brains,
T' inform the World, imploy their Skillful Pens.

Next sat a *Drone*, whose Wits had but a Dull Edge,
His *Gravity* and nice *Grammatick* Knowledge,
Spoke him some Senior *Coxcomb* of a *Colledge*.

He Learned Reasons offer'd unto some,
Why *Gerunds* end in *di*, in *do*, or *dum*;
They grave attention gave, and sat *Hum-Drum*.

Next him a Spark bedaw'd with Golden Twine,
So very Grave, and eke so very *Fine*,
I took him for some Statesman on Design.

Some humble *Lord* so generously free,
Seeking Applause and Popularity,
Came here to Court the good Mobility.

I turn'd about, and view'd him for a ſpace;
No Sword he'd on, and in his *Mein* no Grace;
Dulneſs inſtead of Grandeur in his Face.

My Judgment err'd, I quickly found its failure;
No Honour in his Speech, in's Looks no Valour:
A Lord, thought I! Wounds, this muſt be a Taylor.

When e'er he ſpoke, it matter was of fact,
So Emphatical his Words, and ſo compact,
No *Strowling Player* could be more exact.

Againſt him *Teague* an *Iriſh* Barber ſat,
Who has a Thouſand Whimſies in his Pate,
Makes *Wigs*, tunes *Bagpipes*; does the Lord knows what.

By chance, ſaid I, *What is't a Clock I pray?*
After ſome time he'd ſtudy'd what to ſay,
He anſwer'd, *by my Shoul 'tis Shatterday.*

Each loving Coach, as truly as a Brother,
In all things act alike, Speak, Drink and Smother;
Delight, as Monkeys, to Buffoon each other.

Like the Twin-Stars, theſe two United are,
It's no great matter whether both appear,
If you ſee one, in him the other's there.

The *Ale* at laſt to theſe weak Noddles ſtole,
Supply'd the want of *Brains* in every *Skull*,
And made them *Merry*, tho' it made me *Dull*.

The *Taylor* begg'd of his *Reverſe* a *Tune*,
Teague for his *Bagpipes* ſent, and fix'd his *Drone*,
Then Play'd *Dundee's* Farwel, and Sung *O hone*.

This pleas'd the *Mob*, and made them hoop and hollow,
As when the *Brindled* Dog againſt the *Fallow*
Pins down the *Bull*, and makes him Roar and Bellow.

I Teas'd and Tir'd with this *Bear-Garden* Play,
In doleful dumps did for Ten Tankards Pay,
And *Sick*, not *Drunk*, I homwards ſteer'd my way.

A SATYR UPON Derby-Ale.

BASE and Ignoble Flegm, dull DERBY-ALE,
Thou canſt o'er none but Brainleſs *Sots* prevail;
Chokes them if *New*, and *Soure* art if *Stale*.

Thou drownſt no Care, or do'ſt thou Elevate;
In ſtead of quenching Drouth, do'ſt Drouth create,
Makes us dull *Sots* at an expenſive rate.

Old English Ale, which Upſtart Fops diſdain,
Brew'd by our Grandſiers, Chear'd the Heart of Man,
Quench'd Drouth with pleaſure, and prolong'd their Span.

But thou! *Poor Slime*, thou art not *Ale*, for why?
Thou neither Cheares the Heart, or Brisks the Eye;
The more we Drink the more we ſtill are Dry.

Rare Fat'ning *Swill*, to Belly up Lean Guest,
It feeds a Man in six Months to a Beast,
And gives him bulk, for a *Church-Ward'n* at least.

Puff'd up with thee, Dispirited, Debas'd,
We into *Gray's*-Inn reel (O Pump be prais'd)
There Quench that Drouth thy Treacly Dregs have rais'd.

One hearty Draught prepares for Pipe of Funk,
Three Tankards whets my Appetite for Punk,
Four make me Sick, but Ten wou'd make make me Drunk.

O'er *Nipperkin* of thee six Hours I sit,
Till spent my Total, and benum'd my Wit,
Thus nothing have, and just for nothing fit.

Our Wits, or Thoughts, thou never canst advance
Above th' Affairs of *Poland*, or of *France*,
Wounds, thou'rt a Booby to a Cup of *Nantes*.

Thou'rt fit for those who are from Troubles free,
Thou Cur'st no *Spleen*, thou art unfit for me,
I'd's live, almost, drink *Adam*'s Ale as thee.

Thou mak'st us Fat in little time 'tis true,
The same will *Swins-Flesh* and *Potatoes* do;
They covet Flesh, not Brains, that follow you.

Thou

Thou Noble Ale! Mere Caudle, and unfit
For Men of Care to drink, or Men of Wit,
Poor *English Coffee* for a plodding *Cit.*

Guzzle for Gamen, Foggy and Unfine,
For nothing fit but to Exhauſt our Coin,
Water to Brandy, and Small-Beer to Wine.

Forgive my drowſy Muſe whene'er ſhe nods,
She's not Inſpir'd or Tun'd by the Gods,
She Rants o'er *Ale*, others o'er *Wine*, that's odds.

What if you ſay ſhe's Dull, it's no great matter,
Groſs Muddy Ale's a heavy Theam for Satyr,
Tom Brown be judge, or honeſt *Ben Bridgmater.*

FINIS.

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